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Poetry. HURRAH! HURRAH! MY NATIVE LAND! Hurrah! hurrah! my native land! Upon our bows at last! The glistening tears arounding heart Their evening rainbow cast. Give back your foam, ye kindly waves, And speed my vessel free— Auld Ailsa Craig! I'm coming, lass! A wanderer hanc to thee.

Be still! be still! my throbbing heart— Gae back, ye childish tears— But ah, my weary for this hour These many weary years! I've toiled beneath a burning sun, And slept upon the plain, That I might plant my Scottish foot On Scottish heath again.

The same! the same! I ken it weel— The sweet and scent of heather bells Frae Ika flow'ry vale. I feel, ah me! as if my heart Had never been awa', And long dried springs of early joy Are gurgling at my ca'.

Ye smile! ye smile! to welcome me, Tho' twenty years are by, Since frae my cen ye gave a tear, And frae my breast a sigh My locks were dark and glossy then. Tho' noo they're thin and grey, But love of hame grows riper eye, When slumber dies away.

The years! the years have pass'd me o'er, And changes I have seen: May be the folk that kent me then Will no be as they've been. Perchance the lassies that I've lo'd Will ask me whence I came? The playmates of my early days, Unheeding, spier my name.

Aweel! aweel! auld Ailsa Craig, I ken nae change in you— The Scottish foam is still as white, The rugged hills as blue. I'll live my early life again, Amid your mosses old, Tho' een has lost their glint o' love, And huan hearts grown cold.

Hurrah! hurrah! my native land! Thy heather hills at last! The tear is starting to my eye, My heart is beating fast. Give back, ye kindly waves, give back, And speed my vessel free— I'm coming, Ailsa, comin', lass! A wanderer, hanc to thee!

Literature. DOUBLES AND QUITS: A COMEDY OF ERRORS—PART IV. CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED. The last remark was unfortunate, as it sent me into the drawing-room with a broad grin on my face. The weather was intensely hot, and my aunt was, as I have said, corpulent—a rosy aunt of purple cheer. Wallowing in an easy-chair at an open window, fanning and panting, we found the good lady. She looked the impersonation of good-nature in distress, like the hippopotamus in the dog-days, or a plithoric captain of volunteers at a midsummer field-day.

'Donald at last!' she cried, her face radiant at once; 'I thought you had forgotten me altogether.' 'Here I am at last, aunt; I've not been to see you for an age, but to make up for it, I've not only come myself, but brought my double; so this ought to count for two visits. Let me introduce my particular friend, Captain Burridge.' 'I'm delighted to see you both; but, dear me! it's very odd—isn't it? very striking, I mean—is it noticed?—the likeness between you?'

'Noticed, my dear aunt! It has been a source of great confusion and endless mistakes; and as to its being noticed, it's been alluded to in the "Times" and "Punch" has been on it two or three times,' said I, as usual irresistibly provoked by my aunt's power of wondering to minister to her taste in that direction. Burridge, taking as he thought, his cue from me, ventured to remark, looking guilty, 'It was mentioned in the House the other day.'

'Indeed!' cried my aunt. 'How was that?'

'Oh! quite incidentally,' said I, distrustful Burridge's powers in this line of art; 'but it shows you how notorious the thing is. I believe the Queen wishes to have us photographed as the Corsican brothers. For my part, I hate such publicity.'

'Why?' cried aunt Blogg; 'I think it's delightful: it makes you the fashion—everybody knows about you.' 'Oh, we've had enough of that, Adolphus! haven't we? One soon tires of being a lion!'

'It is so very odd I haven't heard of this before,' said my aunt; 'yet I was at the Mansion House ball 'tother night, and had a long talk with Lady St. Ubbs, who is quite in the beau monde, and she never mentioned it.' 'Is Lady St. Ubbs in society? I inquired, superciliously. 'Never met her—did you Dolly?'

'I can't say I ever did; but then her I'm not much about, you know?'

'No; but whenever you do go is always in the first flight' (a piece of intelligence which seemed to surprise my friend a good deal), 'and either you or I must have met her if she had the entre. I'm afraid, aunt, Lady St. Ubbs is not in our set; and I spoke as if, with every wish to make the best case for my aunt's friend, my conscience compelled me to

bring in this damnatory verdict against her ladyship. 'Dear me!' said the innocent old lady, with unconscious satire, 'she talks as much about fine people as you do, and seems to know them.'

'Ah, aunt! we mustn't believe everything everybody says; for my part, the more I hear a man talk about swells, unless he is notoriously one himself' (and I implied by manner that this was my predicament), 'the less I believe him to know about them.'

'Oh Donald! bless me, I quite forgot!—Talking of grandees, have you seen any more of that beautiful bewitching Lady—?'

'Excuse me, aunt the subject is unpleasant to me; and talking of lions, they have appetites you know, at feeding-time. Are you going to give us any luncheon?'

'To be sure, my dear; it was announced before you came in: let us go down.' 'The likeness is very great, I must say,' said my aunt when we were seated at luncheon; 'but you'll forgive an aunt for saying, Captain Burridge, that it is not a compliment to Donald?'

Now why should a thoroughly good-natured person, if ever so much an aunt, say a thing like this? It can please nobody, and is most likely to give offence to somebody; yet nothing is commoner with ladies of a certain age and class than remarks of the sort in favor of their own kith and kin. Why?

Burridge was insensible about his personal appearance, and it fell harmless upon him. 'I'm quite aware, ma'am' (he would call my aunt 'ma'am'), 'that it's a great compliment to me; but just at present I feel I have a better chance with Donald than usual.'

'How do you mean?'

'I mean that, looking so haggard and ill and miserable as he is doing, of course his beauty suffers,' replied Burridge, who having vainly endeavoured by telegraph to dissuade me from my active participation in the meal, was now cutting out a line for himself.

'I'll and haggard!' cried my aunt, 'I vow I don't see it; he's looking as rosy and well as ever I saw him; I don't think I remember him with such a color.'

Nor is it likely she should; he who has soldiered a hot summer at Aldershot, and has been exposed to the daily dust and sun of that awful Campus Martius—the Long Valley—may remember what his complexion was. To me the fact had been very unmerciful; my nose, which was of a prominent boldness, had been transformed by its action to the semblance of a red-hot poker; and for the rest of my face, there was only one streak of white in it across the upper forehead, marking the line of the forage-cap. You seldom see a more complete picture of health than an Aldershot man in summer, and I was an exaggerated specimen of the type.

'As to his color, ma'am,' cried Dolly, 'that's hectic.'

'Hectic! what, his nose too?'

'Hectic, ma'am, decidedly,' insisted Dolly, gravely. 'The doctor said so last night to me when we were consulting about his symptoms; he's as hectic as the—' as possible—nose and all, were the doctor's very words. Don't interrupt me, Donald: we're all very uneasy about him down there, ma'am; he conceals his symptoms, but he can't deceive us; there's something far wrong, frightful blue dev—, I beg your pardon ma'am—great depression—mutterings—want of sleep—want of appetite—he's eaten nothing but ship's biscuit and cold tea for a fortnight—and—and a baked potato, at the colonel's urgent request, last Sunday. Yes, you're right, ma'am, he is eating now' (for I was performing prodigies with a cold pie, and my aunt remarked it), 'but it's a false appetite; don't give way to it, my dear fellow—think of the reaction; the colonel says it's the lungs, the regiment thinks it's the liver, I say it's the heart, the doctor says it's all three, induced by anxiety and distress. Pray speak seriously to him—assert your authority, ma'am, for he neglects our advice.' And Burridge concluded his lengthy and spirited effort by a profusion of furtive winks at me. My poor aunt looked fairly puzzled. On one side sat the mendacious dragoon slowly uttering his dismal report; on the other sat I—the patient—hale and hearty, stout and rubicund, eating as it became a lion.

'What does this mean, Donald? faltered the good lady. 'What is the matter?'

'Oh! nothing, aunt; only a delusion of Burridge's—a joke of his; for I could not bring myself to support the clumsy romance of my friend.'

'There, ma'am, that's the way he goes on; we can make nothing of him, and if you can't, I don't see what's to happen. More pie? That's only to deceive you, ma'am; remember yourself, Donald—think of the mausa. Did you take the palpitation drops before starting?'

'No, I didn't: what nonsense you do talk!' 'Ah! I see I must have a serious conversation with him,' said my aunt, now convinced there was something wrong.

'Thank you, ma'am,' said Dolly, fervently; 'it's the only thing that can save him.'

Luncheon being ended, we returned to the drawing-room; and here, remembering I had an urgent letter to write, I asked my aunt to let me do so. 'And meantime,' I said, 'you might show Cap-

tain Burridge your collection of curiosities.'

'With all my heart,' said the good lady. 'Will you come into the ante-room, Captain Burridge? not that I have anything worth exhibiting.'

My aunt's collection was certainly not of special interest, though, notwithstanding her disclaimer, she looked upon it as a British museum in miniature. There was the sword of a sword-fish, the one or two inevitable cases of South American stuffed birds, an ostrich's egg, a canoe paddle, some coins, a spurious autograph of Mary Queen of Scots, a Bible that had (not) belonged to Oliver Cromwell, bits of the wrappings of a mummy, &c., &c., but the principal gem of the collection was—rather a Byronian one, it must be confessed—a human skull. And here I must mention, that at the time she made uncle Blogg the happiest of men, my aunt was a widow. My uncle was Number Two. As to Number One there was a slight historic laziness. My aunt alluded to him but in a general way to the world, and not often; but when she did, she spoke of him as 'the General.' He died at the age of twenty-three, and his miniature, in a nondescript uniform, enriched her museum. Gazing, as a boy, on that work of art, I used to think that promotion must have gone very fast in those days, and even went so far as to examine history for some record of the splendid deeds which had won, thus early, his exalted rank for General Hanks—but in vain. At last an uncle of mine, whom I was always badgering on the subject, inconsiderately lost his temper, and remarked as to the deceased warrior, 'General! general, be hanged! no more general than my grocer is; he was a deputy-assistant-commissary-general—a grade inferior to that of an ensign, or rather no grade at all—and his greatest exploit was purveying rum and pork to a small force sent out against some savages somewhere—and, by the by, I believe the said savages ate him at last.'

This was a terrible blow to me, as in my childish reveries General Hanks had figured as a sort of Bayard—habitually mounted on a white charger, with flowing mane and distended nostrils, always at full gallop—the warrior's head adorned with a tremendous plume of white feathers, which marked by their presence, where the carnage was thickest, &c., &c. I'm not going to say that the skull was the skull of my mythical hero; but let aunt Blogg describe it herself, as overheard by me sitting at my letter. I had heard it a hundred times before, of course, with affected deep interest in the museum, and questioned my aunt about everything. At last they came to the skull.

'A skull!' cried Burridge. 'Yes,' said my aunt, exulting that her hour had come, 'a skull neither more or less.'

'Real or sham?' inquired Adolphus. 'Oh! a real human skull, sir; fed it.' 'So it is—how nasty!'

'And yet,' says my aunt, 'it is the relique of a handsome man.'

'Was he—was he a relative?'

'No, sir; you see before you the skull of the great Mingery-ghe-Pidgery, Chief of the Dog-eared Indians. His name means "Scalper of the wind,"—an awful name, is it not?'

'Terrific. Was he a great dab at scalping then?'

'Yes sir; he scalped everything he came across—with one exception,' added my aunt, dropping her voice mysteriously. 'I'm glad I never met him,' said Burridge; 'but who was the fortunate exception?'

'It's quite a little romance,' simpered my aunt, according to a formula I knew but too well; 'but you wouldn't care to hear it, I'm sure?'

'Indeed ma'am, I should like nothing so much—I delight in horrible stories.'

'Well, this is not horrible, exactly; it's thrilling and exciting, certainly. You see, my first husband, General Hanks, was employed on the Indian frontier against the Redskins. I accompanied him in all his campaigns, and shared his wigwam in front of the army. The Indians are a stealthy acute race' (this was a stereotyped phrase which always made me laugh), 'and their spies may have been said to live in our midst. The great Mingery himself, on one occasion, reconnoitred in person, and saw me through a chink in the wigwam. I was but a girl then, Captain, and I'm an old woman now, so I may say without vanity that I was a very pretty girl.' Burridge made a sort of gurgling sound at this, apparently to indicate that the present tense was still applicable. 'Oh no sir! I'm past vanity now; but then it was different, and I was, as I say, a pretty girl; and the great Mingery, seeing me through the chink, fell desperately in love with me, and determined to carry me off.'

'The General was away foraging at the time. In the silence of the night Mingery and his crew crept up to the wigwam, scalped seven soldiers and my white maid and carried me off in a swoon into the thickets. I am bound to say that he treated me with great politeness. He spoke perfect English, and as soon as I came round proposed marriage very deferentially. As well as my fears would permit, I pointed out to him that I was already married to the General. 'I laugh he said, majestically—I laugh at his white nose; nevertheless, since your slightest wish is my law, the barrier shall be removed at once. Here, Swashee-Bo-

shee' he said to a gigantic savage, 'show yourself with the great wind, and travel towards the sunrise; take lightning in your right hand, and scalp me this son of the Pale-faces who stands between Mingery and bliss!' Swashee-Boshee uttered a horrible war-cry, and dashed into the forest, brandishing his tomahawk. I immediately fainted, and remained in that condition the greater part of the day. Whenever I had a gleam of consciousness I saw Mingery standing about thirty yards off, playing a wild air on a tin whistle, which I believe is the first part of their marriage ceremony. But towards evening, a sudden shouting arose, and the tramping of feet; and just as I opened my eyes, I saw Mingery with the whistle still between his lips, give a spasmodic leap into the air, turn a complete somersault, and light on the tall plume of feathers which adorned the back of his head. He was shot through the nape of the skull, Captain—there's the very hole, you see. Then the soldiers closed in, and there was a scalping and bayonetting for a good half hour, for the tribe had rushed from their ambush on the approach of the troops. My poor General fell a victim—'

'What! did they scalp the General?' cried Burridge, with great enthusiasm. 'No, he fell a victim to a fever contracted that day from malaria and nervous excitement, and died three weeks after. But he decapitated Mingery, and brought his skull home with him, and had it cured by the doctor—'

'What! galvanized? did he grin and chatter horribly?'

'No, no—I mean boiled and scraped; and the General told me, almost with his last breath, to preserve it as a memorial—and so I have, you see. And my poor Blogg used to say, in his laughing way, that he was jealous of the skull—and that's its history.'

'That my aunt had some sort of a foundation for the tale I never doubted. In its present stage of development, however, I suspect would hardly have been recognised by any of the actors in the drama it professed to chronicle. But then five and forty years' constant wear and tear I what anecdote of mortal man could preserve its identity through such a test? I heard Burridge expressing his delight with the tale, and also his opinion that we mustn't be too hard on the Scalper-of-the-wind, as he (Burridge) could easily see that the temptation to abduct must have been almost irresistible. I heard my aunt, evidently in great delight, disallow extenuating circumstances to the deceased savage; and then they passed on to other objects. I became engrossed with my letter; but at its conclusion I was aware that it was only broken by a rapid and confidential whispering.

Presently my aunt emerged, and said, 'Donald, I'm ashamed to trouble you, but would you do me a great favor?'

'Certainly aunt; what is it?'

'I have a large sum of money (£3000) which has been paid to me this forenoon. I don't like keeping so much in the house; would you mind taking it to the bank in Pall Mall for me? I'm ashamed to trouble you, and drive you away when you're come to see me.'

'I'll be delighted, of course; but it will do as we go back to the Club won't it?'

'No that's just it; the bank will be closed; pray take a cab, and come back as quick as ever you can.'

She handed me the notes, and I departed. On my return in about half an hour, Burridge was not there; he had remembered an engagement, my aunt said, but would meet me at the Club.

'I have taken quite a fancy to him,' she went on; 'so simple and nice and gentlemanlike—and then he is so like you, Donald.' My aunt's manner was very flattery; there was something in the wind evidently. 'He has a great affection for you, dear Donald.'

'Oh yes! we're particular friends.'

'And his anxiety about your state is quite remarkable.'

'Tut, aunt—my state! What rubbish the fellow has been talking!'

'No rubbish at all, I can assure you,' she said, with a look that beamed intelligence; 'to be frank with you, I know all about it.'

'Which is it then aunt? Is it the lungs, or the liver, or the heart?'

'The heart, Mr. Donald—the heart. Good Captain Burridge has thought it his duty to let me into your secret.'

'Very impudent, then of good Captain Burridge, that's all I can say,' I rejoined, affecting piety.

'I must say, Donald, that you have shown little confidence in me.'

'My dear aunt, I won't affect to misunderstand you; but pray what good end is to be attained by whining my miseries at the corner of every street?'

'That's a very different thing. Now good Captain Burridge has told me of your delightful attachment—the lady so good, so beautiful, and of such high rank. I am more pleased than I can tell you, dear Donald; but good Captain Burridge tells me, you consider your income insufficient, and will not go forward in consequence. He thinks the income quite large enough (he is a simple creature), and he begged me to persuade you that it was. Donald's terribly proud,' he said, 'and he thinks that to ask an earl's daughter to marry him on £500 a-year would be like asking her to live in a poor-house. I confess,' said the good Captain, 'I can't see it; if the girl likes him, as she does, she likes him for himself, not for his money.' That's all very sensible my dear, of course, but I agree with you, and I like your pride. Blood is blood, and rank is rank, and much is due to it. It would be ridiculous to talk of such a marriage on such a paltry income; and even the good Captain Burridge came to see it.'

'Yes, yes, aunt; I know that, and therefore let us change the subject—how are the canaries?'

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